THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. *MILTON.*

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THE story of captain *Hadlier* and his fair daughter, concluded in our last number, we hope is not founded on fact: War will always have its victims, it scatters misery through every clime, and degrades man, in point of feeling, below the brutes; yet it is a melancholy truth, that in every clime it has its advocates, in every country the field of war is stiled the field of glory, and to have waded through the blood of thousands, depopulated kingdoms, and subjugated nations, raise to the highest pinacle of grandeur, and by the infatuated multitude, the despotic tyrant, the man of blood; of cruelty and crime, is with shouts proclaimed a *hero!*

Here, we had thought, that this rage for *honour*, as it is unjustly called, was not found, but alas! we have discovered our mistake: War, cursed war, has its advocates, not only in America, but also in that part of it which was settled by the peaceful and humane PENN.

To the cruelties that were experienced during the French revolution, the page of history can scarcely find a parallel; yet, unless those which were perpetrated by an infuriate mob, still a shadow of justice was seen; an accusation was produced, and altho' death was generally the consequence of every trial--yet it was under the form of law. In the case of captain *Hadlier*, we hear of no accusation, he is imprisoned, we know not for what--he sailed from England under no apprehensions, and we would rationally suppose, by his taking his daughter with him, that all, at that time, was quiet on the continent; the tale therefore, although told pathetically, yet does not carry with it probability, which in compositions of this kind ought never to be lost sight of.

But this is not the greatest fault we charge upon the author of this little piece—the manner of Miss *Hadlier's* death ought

either to have been concealed, or the author should have given her disapprobation of the deed;—we have given the tale, and therefore think it our duty to make some observations.

Suicide ought to be condemned by all writers; no situation can justify it—no cloak should ever be drawn over it, to conceal its enormity. It is surely the effect of madness, and insanity is the only plea which can be urged as an excuse. In all situations, we ought carefully to avoid suffering ourselves to become the victims of despair: Precipitancy in any action is criminal in a greater or less degree, but more especially in those cases which affect life.

By the story, it appears Miss *Hadlier* was cruelly used, and her father not more kindly dealt with, yet he, like a brave man, did not yield to the strokes of adversity; with manly fortitude he braved the storm, and finally enjoyed his liberty; not so his daughter—her fortitude forsook her, and by her own hand she fell a victim to despair: True courage is always patient; cowardice, rash and precipitant: The one finds safety in the path of duty and honour; the other, to avoid a less evil, generally encounters a greater. Had Miss *Hadlier* not rashly lifted her hand against her own life, she probably might have been happy; but shuddering under the *apprehension* of evil, she committed a rash deed, which instead of evidencing a great mind, must always be pronounced an act of cowardice; whilst there is life, we should always hope, and never do evil that good may come of it. OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. X.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. POPE.

THERE is no passion more unnatural and less justifiable than *pride*, and none so destructive of social affection. By pride, I mean that fancied superiority which some imagine they possess, despising others as if beneath them. Other passions, envy perhaps excepted, may in some measure be useful, but pride, without being in the smallest degree serviceable, excites general detestation and contempt. Pride has been by writers emphatically styled an *unnatural passion*, because it exists in direct opposition to the interests of society, and destroys those ligaments which bind the common welfare. The Romans branded the name of a tyrant with this epithet, as best

descriptive of his vices; they conceived the surname of murderer, too weak to transmit to posterity the crimes of TARQUIN, and chose this more cogent term to perpetuate the remembrance of his villany.

It is to the indulgence which this germe of licentiousness has received, may be attributed the present unmeaning distinctions in society. The possessor of wealth arrogates to himself a pre-eminence over the rest of his fellow creatures, and tramples on their independent virtues as insignificant barriers to his own adulation. The lordly descendant of an illustrious parent, proudly stalks forth imaginarily wrapt in the virtues of his ancestor, and the pageant of luxury contemptuously sneers at the worthy and less prodigal son of industry. Pride can be an inhabitant in the breast of fools only—or as the poet expresses it—

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, so in souls we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, when wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

There is a species of pride, in some measure different from that which has just been described, and which interferes with the ordinary pursuits of life; this is that kind of pride which considerably lessens our value to society. Among the fair sex it is particularly prevalent: Hence it is that a lady is married before she understands the culinary duties, or is at all capable of superintending domestic regulations: She is trained up with the notion that it is derogatory to her dignity to prepare a breakfast or provide a dinner; and her most valuable years are passed in vainly dendeavouring to become a lady, by the means of idleness; because a false shame pronounces any occupation beneath her. Some of the fair conceive their charms embellished, and their character rendered more reputable by assuming a certain hauteur over their inferiors in wealth, and what they call, *family*: This teaches them such fantastic airs as make them particularly troublesome: I insert the following letter from an unknown correspondent, which may explain her ideas on this subject;—

MR. EYE-LASH,

I WOULD ask you, whether a lady is at all bettered by domineering over servants? or if it is not my young mistress' duty to respect us far enough to behave herself civilly towards us. I declare I am sometimes ashamed of Miss' airs before the gentlemen. I am sixty years old, and nature has covered my wrinkled brows with red hair, and therefore she always calls me *old sorrel;* now it's quite vulgar, in my opinion, to nick-name any person because of her appearance—when my young lady wants any thing, it's 'where's my old sorrel?'—and I am a thousand times called to remove a chunk from the hearth, when I am obliged to reach over her shoulders for the tongs: And sometimes when I tell her I am busy, and ask her to do some little towards clearing the table—it's 'miss sauce-box what are you paid for? indeed I shall not dirty my hands with your work'—and fifty times a-day, especially when any gentlemen are in the house, she calls me, and has nothing for me to do—and sometimes, 'sorrel go bring me that—no, I forgot, you needn't mind it'—she thinks so much about high life and such fine things, (and the dear knows she has not much in that way to brag of)—that it's seldom one can get a civil word from her. Do, Mr. EYE-LASH, inform her that servants don't like to be called and scolded for nothing, and that though they are poor, they may be as honest, and as much thought of as some folks who think themselves better.

Your humble servant, BETTY.

Another sort of pride which falls to the share of females, is that pride of being admired, which renders them disgusting—this is a mixture of pride and vanity, and in the end proves a poison to those qualities which would otherwise be engaging—I can best describe this last, by an instance which attracted my notice at the theatre—A young lady, whose person and complexion were far above mediocrity, and whose fortune was indeed a desirable object, sat in one of the boxes during the representation of an affecting tragedy: She began to display her want of that *vulgar* passion, called sympathy, by laughing and talking loud in the midst of the most distressing scenes; and triumphantly glanced round the house as wondering that any could possess sensibility! After the curtain, between the acts, had fallen, she rose from her seat, viewed and reviewed her dress, placing what she thought the most striking part in the most public situation—a supercilious air and haughty frown overwhelmed the pit, and a desire to be

admired by the boxes was visible in every gesture—her conduct was so glaringly absurd and ridiculously shameful, that even the gentlemen in her company acted as if fearful of being thought her attendants: And yet this poor deceived creature imagined every heart infested with envy of her exalted merits.

This truth should have its due impression, "that all are born equal"—that the superiority in wealth and talents depends in almost every instance, on chance, and not on merit. That he who is not our equal in one respect, may be our superior in another; and that if another possesses all the advantages and excitements, he will attain the same pitch of greatness with ourselves. G.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER TO JEREMIAH LISTLESS.

DEAR JERRY,

AFTER a long interval, I again resume my pen to give you a further account of my adventures in this civilized, but strange country. If my present letter should lack that good humour and sprightliness which marked my former ones, do not impute it to a more unfavourable situation, or more gloomy prospects, but to that romantic melancholy pleasure, which you know I sometimes love to indulge: I have just finished a lonely contemplative ramble, in which I traced that being called *man*, from his first entrance into the world, to the shades of death, and even followed him in imagination, "to that bourne, from whence no traveller returns!" When I retire from the bustle and confusion of this magnificent city, weary of indulging in the dissipations and fashionable amusements of society, to take a lonely evening walk along the banks of the Schuylkill, or the majestic Delaware, the transition from civilized tumult to the deep, dead stillnes of solitude, throws my mind into the most pleasing and tranquil reflections.——How trifling! how insignificant things now appear, which but a few hours ago were the idols of my affection! How unsatisfactory to the mind, compared to the indescribable devotional rapture, which rushes on the soul at such a time as this! There are moments JERRY, I am sure there are, when the souls of the most degenerate, shake off corruption, still the carreering passions, and point them beyond this world. At these moments, they are obliged to confess the presence of some overruling Power, they know not why! and they feel HIS existence,

they know not how! however low a man debases himself, this principle within, still asserts his great origin and destiny; however depraved his mind, this something remains pure and unsophisticated, and stands unshaken amidst the tumults of his passions, like a rock amidst the dash of waves and the fury of the tempest: I never contemplate the dignity of the human mind without being constrained to acknowledge its immortality. Mr. ADDISON, you know JERRY, has written a beautiful paper on the immortality of the soul, and gives us, as his chief argument, its continual progress on earth towards perfection: If I were permitted to criticize the opinions of so great a writer, I would say Mr. ADDISON has reasoned from false premises, as it appears that the mind, so far from continually progressing in knowledge, &c. has its tender *spring*, its vigorous and ardent *summer*, its declining *autumn*, and at last, its torpid *winter*, or what SHAKSPEAR calls 'second childishness.'

A more probable and striking argument in favour of the soul's immortality, in my humble opinion is, *our insatiable longing after happiness*. We are endowed with senses, through the medium of which we derive all our pleasures and pains, but how inadequate are they all to gratify our unlimited desires! although we enjoy a grade of pleasure high as we are capable, in our present state, of supporting, our desires would still grasp at more. If men, in whatever situation, whether sick or well, old or young, rich or poor, are all endowed alike with desires insatiable and infinite, if the happiness we possess, no matter in what degree, so far from satisfying, encreases our longings after more, and if the material trash of this world is not sufficient to make us happy and contented, may we not confidently hope for a future existence, when having shaken off this clog of mortality, we shall enjoy pleasures of a more exalted and divine nature?

It is customary for writers who wish to reform mankind, to pourtray to them the degeneracy of their natures; the folly and imbecility of their minds, &c.; but if I were to write for the public eye, JERRY, it should be my aim to make them sensible of their own greatness, and convince them of the divine nature of their minds; for surely, if they were acquainted with this, they would abhor to descend so low as to be guilty of a brutal act of any kind.

Observe the infant mind unfolding by degrees all its wonderful faculties, and you must confess its immortality. Only

observe the school-boy when he has learned that the world does not end where the blue æther bends over the distant mountain's top; that the sun and moon are at a greater distance from him than the little village that stands in sight; that fixed stars are suns, and the planets habitable globes, and that creation is infinite! how his little imagination swells abo e the earth, and launches, untaught, into unknown worlds! I have no doubt, JERRY, but you remember when we were boys, little boys, what great, very great things we would think and talk about; and when we have walked, let us say at night, let the moon lay her silver mantle over the romantic forest, and let the stars in the blue firmament be innumerable, and let us be seated in some wild wood, while all around us is as silent as the regions of death; at such a time and place have we not sat and contemplated the starry heavens, while our souls soared above the scene, even beyond the extent our eyes could trace? have we not then looked beyond this world in fancy, and endeavoured to reach the end of creation, and at last made a bold grasp to bound infinity, which flitted away to other worlds more distant, unimaginable, incomprehensible? then, shrinking back into ourselves, have we not started with astonishment at the greatness of our own capacities? In the walk I have just finished, I indulged in such meditations as these, but the scenery, JERRY, the scenery was very far inferior to that we have been accustomed to: Here the inhabitants have dethroned old Nature, and set up Art to reign in her stead: They have attempted to make rivers, or what they call canals; they have converted their sublime forests into fields and meadows, and hack'd the wild and beautiful irregularity of nature into squares, triangles, paralellograms and trapeziums! in short, in my opinion they have ruined the whole face of their country.

Among the different subjects with which I have endeavoured to entertain you, is that of the ladies; and I confess I have not dealt altogether merciful with them: You, no doubt, recollect with what rancour I uttered my execrations against them; but will you believe, my friend, will you believe me, JERRY, when I tell you I have fallen in love with one of them! —But a few nights ago, I went to a tea-party with the predetermined motive of a satirist, resolving to collect some burlesque and humour to entertain you with: Having entered the room, I seated myself in the circle of the ladies in the most conspicuous situation, and with a good deal of pompous indifference, answered all the questions with respect to the

weather; told them when there would probably be snow, rain or hail; and gave them an account of the last ball, and did myself the pleasure of telling them *Othello* would be acted at the theatre next night, &c. Having cast my eyes more particularly round the room, in order to spy some game for satire, I saw a lovely cherry lip'd queen of hearts, that in a moment caused a strange and before unfelt sensation, to shoot through my bosom. Here was an end to satire, to merriment, jest and laughter. My malice against the beautiful creatures was converted into admiration, and I must have been like one who, being about to commit some horrid murder, beholds an angel of mercy, arrayed in love and beauty, which softens his soul, causes him to sheathe his dagger, and instead of destroying, love and weep for his intended victim; or if those who saw me had been fond of comparisons, they might have likened me to a summer cloud, which comes up *muttering* thunder, and frowning as if it intended to make wild work among the green fields, and at last, only lets fall a sweet refreshing shower, upon them. But after my sudden shock was a little over, I called back my resolution, and summoned up all my malignity against her; but a smile, JERRY, a smile dispelled in a moment after, every passion but that of love, and I found myself looking her full in the face—I rallied my spirits again, however, and forced a smile and then a frown at myself for my folly and weakness—but one heart-penetrating glance from her black eyes, overwhelmed the fortifications I had erected around me, and I yielded once more. Yet I new-hardened myself again by a resolute effort, and viper-like, was almost ready to bite myself with madness! madness, JERRY, that I who was once so much abused by DOROTHEA, should submit to be overcome by a Philadelphia fair; but O! the bewitching music of her tongue, in one moment composed and soothed me as effectually as instrumental music does a patient bitten by a tarantula. Once more I rallied or tried to rally my traitor-spirits, but it would not do; one half of my heart had already revolted against me and took her part, while the other half yielded in transport and became her willing captive. Ever since, my dear friend, I have wandered sad and melancholy about the city; I have written many acrostics and doleful moving love sonnets; waited on her at theatre, ball, &c. unremittingly, and I do not blush to confess to you, my good friend JERRY, that if the world, including even you, were put in the scales against her,

I would take her in preference to all. It is surprising to me that all the city is not running mad for her. I know not, nor can I predict how this affair will terminate—if I do not succeed, I am resolved to drown or hang myself, or return once more to my native country, and write a novel! Farewell,

JERRY. ROBERT RUSTIC.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

FAREWELL to all the sons of care,
I hear the city-hum no more,
Far sweeter murmurs glad my ear,
That steal along the pebbled shore:
On thy green banks, O Schuylkill-stream,
I'll rove while yet the solar beam
Plays on the surface smooth and clear,
There view thy sportive finny brood,
Or bosom'd in thy margin wood,
Its native music hear.

But yonder hill, whose piny crest
Throws down its side a length'ning shade,
I'll forthwith climb, and thence, at rest,
Survey the stream, the wood, the glade:
Lo, at its base with joy I stand—
Lend, Genius of the mount, thy hand,
I long amidst thy groves to be—
And bring the bright-eyed nymph along,
Fair Fancy, queen of rural song,
We'll converse hold with thee.

From this proud height my ravish'd eyes,
Behold the variegated scene—
Flocks, blooming vales, and woods that rise
Majestic o'er the winding stream;
How sweetly Schuylkill's waters creep,
Lull'd by the tuneful world asleep,
Whilst on the brink in sportive play,
Young zephyrs, peeping thro' the shade,
Seem half resolved and half afraid
To cross the liquid way.

Around the steep the swallow flies,
Attentive to the watchful brood,
Yet loth to trust to unknown skies,
And clam'rous for their insect food:
And hark! the fisher's rustic song,
As glides the little boat along,
Relieves the labours of the day—
Now resting on the balanced oar,
He hears the plumy warblers pour
The heart-delighting lay.

Yon mansion and its roseate bow'rs,
How lovely in the setting beam!
Haste, guardian of the golden hours,
And wake the naiades of the stream;
And call the little sylvan train,
That sport amidst the flow'ry plain,
To dress with care the fav'rite grove
For now the hour to youth so dear,
With all its sweet delights draws near,
The hour so dear to love.

Say, Genius of this lonely place,
Where is that race of tawny hue,
Who wont to urge the devious chase,
Amidst thy groves all hoar with dew?
And where's the stately monarch now,
Who forced the petty tribes to bow,
And loved of bloody deeds to talk?
Where are the bow, the wampum belt,
The knife which many a victim felt,
And murd'rous tomahawk.

O happy change! no savage yell,
Now rouses horror in the wood—
No more the flow'ret-woven dell
Is sprinkled o'er with human blood:
But Peace has raised her dwelling here,
Behold her gentle doves appear,
Whilst Fancy to my raptured view,
Brings Virtue, with her handmaids fair,
And Health who loves the mountain air,
And Love to Virtue true.

O my dear country! favour'd land!
Still may your happiness increase—
Still may you bless that sovereign hand
Which gave you freedom, wealth, and peace:
And when the din of war we hear,
Which chills the eastern hemisphere,
We'll sigh and breathe to Heav'n a prayer—
FATHER! preserve us from fell strife,
Which poisons all the joys of life,
And own us as thy care. O. D.

June, 1808.

ORIGINAL.

EDGAR AND FANNY.

A TALE.

NOW ceased the roar of battle,
Which nine long years had lasted,
And toil-worn, brave young EDGAR,
Back to his parents hasted.

He reach'd the winding Schuylkill,
Where many a time he'd skaited,
And view'd old neighb'ring houses,
And fields, with heart elated.

The sky was blue and tranquil,
And each smooth chrystal current,
Thro' vocal plains and vallies,
Ran sweetly, wildly errant.

The soft balm-breathing zephyr,
The budding trees blew mild on,
And Sol smiled on the meadows,
Which smiled that they were smiled on.

EDGAR heart-full of pleasure,
Walk'd whist'ling, recognizing
Old farms, old streams, old forests,
Around him constant rising.

He then view'd oftimes over,
Of old mementos many—
The lock of hair, the breast-pin,
The letter'd ring of FANNY.

But ah! 'twas thought, in battle
He fell—his parents mourning,
No longer hoped to see him,
Nor look'd for his returning.

Each sympathizing neighbour,
In tears hoped 'Heav'n had bless'd him!'
E'en those who wish'd to slander,
'A fine young man' confess'd him.

Each brave true country-lover
Wept, hearing EDGAR's story;
And each sweet lass who knew him,
Was 'very, very sorry!'

There was by Schuylkill's margin
A cliff aloft that tower'd,
Far in the blue-tide jutting,
Its top wood-crown'd and flower'd.

Here, lonely pensive straying,
(Fair flow'r its top adorning)
He saw his grief-torn FANNY,
Her weak form clothed in mourning.

With doubtful transport trembling,
He rush'd, he flew to meet her;
Then listen'd, look'd and listen'd,
He wish'd—yet fear'd to greet her.

Poor girl! with hair all tangled,
And stuck with many a blossom,
She talk'd and pluck'd wild flowers,
To deck her throbbing bosom.

By fits serene and frantic,
Of this and that she'd prattle,
And sigh with piteous accent,
'Ah cruel, cruel battle!'

And then she fell a weeping,
And 'gainst hard fortune murmur'd;
'Ah!' EDGAR sigh'd, 'poor FANNY!
She thinks her EDGAR's murder'd!'

Now she invoked the wild woods,
Her sad, sad fate to pity,

And wildly sweet and plaintive,
Sung o'er this woe-lorn ditty.—

'Still! still! blythe little robin!
'Tis cruel to be merry,
Thy song of joy is piercing,
Ah! very! very! very!

'Thou soon mayst weep *thy Edgar*,
Tho' now so careless roaming;
Tho' in the sun-shine sporting,
The keen cold winter's coming.

'EDGAR! my sweet, sweet EDGAR,
Was he to prison hurried?
Lies he at bloody *Monmoth*,
Pale, mangled and unburried?

'By moonlight clear I've view'd him,
The silver clouds bestriding;
Pale boy! he weeps, then leaves me,
Quick in the white cloud hiding?

'I've heard him in the breezes,
Most sad, most piteous sighing;
And when poor FANNY's sleeping,
She sees her EDGAR dying!

'I've slept too all beside him,
His grass-green grave my pillow,
My bed the biting cold ground,
My canopy the willow.

'Aghast! ye British tyrants!
Poor angry FANNY fright'ning,
She'll call th' avenging thunder,
And the wild red-wing'd lightning!'

'Stay! hang not noble EDGAR!
Instead, to prison bear him—
No! not to prison!—shoot him!
Shoot him?—O spare him! spare him!

'But then he is not murder'd—
Is he! my dear, dear mother?
Didst thou not see him coming?
Didst thou not too my brother?

'Then call the jovial fidler;
We'll sighs and sorrow bury;
Call in the rev'rend parson,
We'll marry and be merry.'

Now EDGAR flew to clasp her—
She saw him, scream'd and started—
Rush'd from his arms affrighted,
And down the steep cliff darted!

'Farewell!' thrice cried young EDGAR,
'A sad farewell! poor FANNY!'
And the astonish'd echo,
Repeated thrice 'poor FANNY!'

Like a night-faring trav'ler,
Struck motionless by thunder,
EDGAR sank pale and lifeless,
With woe despair and wonder! THE STRANGER.

MAN.

WHAT a creature is man! how foolish! how wise!
Now open and plain, next, hid in disguise:
Now puff'd up by fame, he's elated with pride,
Next, the sport of the crowd, who insulting deride:
This moment in grandeur and pleasures he rolls,
Has ships at command to encircle the poles:
Next moment, behold all his treasure is fled,
He owns not a shelter to cover his head:
Behold even now, how rosy in health!
Not a sigh dares intrude, contentment is wealth,
He dreams not of trouble, of pain or of tears;
But cries I am strong, I'll rejoice many years:
Pale Disease is enraged, she strikes the fell blow,
His joy is no more—the proud vaunter's laid low.
Thus oft have I seen the newly blown rose
Sip the dew, and in fragrance its beauties disclose,
When the hand of the spoiler tore it from the briar,
It only just bloom'd, and did quickly expire.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

THE EYE.

Si me Lyricis vatibus inseres
Sublime feriam sidera vertice. HORACE.

IMITATED.

If you give me a place among the improvers of mankind, with the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Tatler* and *Looker-on*, in such good company, I will bid defiance to time, and acquire a deathless fame.

THE finishing of a work resembles much the closing scene of life; and were we capable of reviewing both with the same degree of composure, the comparison would be strictly correct; but the author, in that respect, has generally the advantage of the invalid; the first can review his work, examine the sentiments he has published, consider their tendency, and either approve or blame, agreeably to the purity of his motives, honesty of intention, and the merit of the composition, in the full exercise of all his faculties, and strength of mental powers. To the latter, this seldom happens; memory it is true, may be able to present a few grand scenes, in which he has been an actor, may cause to pass before his mind something to approve, much to condemn—but bodily infirmity presents insuperable tears in the way of calm consideration, and the review is distracted by pain, the author has therefore evidently the advantage; yet still there are obstacles which oppose the author; self-approbation steps in, his sentiments are dear to him—he passes over his faults unnoticed, if any beauties be found, on them he fixes, with them he is delighted—full of himself, he sees not his failings; the beam remains in his eye, and, like the too fond parent, he perceives not a single defect in the child of his love.

In this respect, moral writers have a great advantage over the poet, the philosopher, or the novelist, who oftimes is a painter of fictitious scenes. The principles of morality are fixed—on other ground we may err, for opinion is various and is dark, envious, just or enlightened, in proportion to the power of innate mind, or the advantages received by education; but in morals, the grand lines between justice and injustice, virtue and vice, mercy and cruelty, idleness and industry, are distinctly marked, and so easily seen, that the man who transgresses, has not even the shadow of an excuse.

In reviewing this work, which we have now brought to a close, we can join with the censorious critic, and acknowledge,

that in many instances, incorrectness of expression, perhaps words improperly applied, figures not as justly used as they ought to have been, will be found in our numbers: Imperfection is the lot of man, it meets us in every avenue, it opposes us in every work, and teaches us in every failure that we are finite in our nature, limited in our powers, probationers journeying through life to a state where we shall enjoy a high degree of perfection. But we trust, no sentiment has escaped our notice, tending to foster vice, be an incentive to passion, support human pride, or darken the light of truth by sophistical arguments: We have endeavoured to promulge useful ideas, to improve the understanding, to expose vice, to throw our mite into the scale of virtue, and in our observations, we solemnly declare, in no instance have we been personal.

It has also been our study to induce our youth to study more closely the principles of composition, in a manner entirely new—errors have been corrected, without exposing the author; and we have the pleasure of announcing, that rapid improvement has been evidenced in the productions of our young correspondents. We now recommend to them a continuance in the study of composition: Essays of different subjects on the models we have before us, sanctioned by ADDISON, the *Looker-on*, *Edinburgh Mirror*, &c &c. in the highest degree strengthens the judgment, gives a correct mode of thinking, fixes right sentiments, imparts just ideas of things, aids conscience in guarding us against improper behaviour, improves our stile, and prepares us for filling any station, to which we may be eventually called, in society, with advantage to the public, and honour to ourselves.

Thus, seriously requesting our readers to imitate the bee, whose fine taste all must approve, not only as it respects this, but all other works which may engage their attention, choosing the sweet, rejecting the bitter; not only sipping honey from the odorous flowers, but also from the noxious plant or apparently useless weed—we bid them a final, but an affectionate adieu!

OBADIAH OPTIC.

END OF VOL. II.

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